THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 10, 1806.

## *Romantic History of Zariadres and the Princess Odatis.*

[From the Greek of Athenæus.]

IN the reign of Hyspaspes, king of Media, Zariadres his brother held the absolute dominion of those provinces which lie between the Caspian states and the river Tanais. His person, the most perfect specimen of manly beauty ever known, attracted the universal admiration of those who saw him, and was indeed celebrated all over Asia. The fairest and most noble princesses in the world would with rapture have acknowledged him for their lord; but hitherto his heart had been insensible to the force of female attractions. He cultivated the qualities of a good prince and a valiant soldier, but love was a stranger to his bosom.

On a sudden, without any apparent cause, he grew melancholy and abstracted; he fled from the company of his counsellors and associates, neglected the affairs of state, relinquished even his favourite pleasures of the chace and of the table. He no longer accustomed himself daily to the use of arms; he left the officers of his army to inspect his troops; and gave himself up to the love of solitude and retirement.

After he had gone on for some time in this unusual mode of life, he grew as restless and impatient as he had been before indolent and inactive. He was continually breaking up his camp, and moving to all parts of his dominions, exercising himself and his men in long and toilsome marches, insensible to labour and fatigue, to the noon-tide heats, or to the damps of midnight.

It was love that had taken possession of the soul of Zariadres, and had made him so altered a man. It was hopeless love; for it was fixed on nothing that had reality, on the phantom of his imagination, on a vision of the night.

This vision, the appearance of the loveliest form in which female excellence ever dwelt on earth, had first passed before his eyes in his tent, when he had laid himself down to repose after the fatigues of a long and perilous chace. From that moment a fatal passion seized upon his senses, and mixed with the vital current of his veins. The visionary fair-one renewed her visit the next night, and the next; and from that time he never slept but his slumbers were blest with the appearance of that celestial form which had captivated his soul.

At length, whether admonished by a dream, or actuated by some divine or spiritual impulse, he removed his camp to the banks of the Tanais; and he had not remained there long before (following the same celestial admonition) he sent ambassadors to the court of the king Omartis to demand his daughter in marriage.—Omartis reigned over all those countries which extend themselves along the further borders of the Tanais. His only misfortune was, that he had no male offspring to succeed him in his great possessions; happy in every other respect, in a prosperous and peaceful empire, in dutiful and affectionate subjects, and in a daughter the fairest and most amiable of her sex.

Odatis was as excellent a model of female loveliness as Zariadres of manly beauty. Her charms and her high birth and inheritance had made her long the object of emulation among all the princes of the east. Zariadres only had not yet sought her; and yet it was she whose image unconsciously possessed his soul, who was the constant object of his daily thoughts and of his nightly visions; for so it was ordered by the celestial powers who make man their care.

Omartis, having no male heir, had long determined to reject the suits of all the princes who claimed the hand of Odatis, and, for the good of his subjects and his own happiness, to bestow her, at a fit time, on some one of his own nobles whose rank and virtue she might approve. Odatis knew, and did not oppose his intention; for not one of the noble youths whom she was accustomed to behold had made any impression on her heart. But at the time that Zariadres sent his embassy to the court of Omartis, the same powers who watched over the happinesss of the Median prince, placed his form in a vision of the night before the eyes of the royal virgin, and inspired her bosom with a mutual flame; and thus, by supernatural interference, were two lovers attached to each other by the strongest passion that was ever felt, without either of them knowing

knowing for whom they experienced a sensation so new and powerful.

But the same sympathy which had caused Zariadres to send his messengers to his father's court, informed Odatis that the prince who demanded her was the real object of her passion; and, for the first time in her life, she felt a secret pang when the offers of her suitor were rejected, and the ambassadors sent back with a positive refusal. However virgin-modesty, and the shame that must have attended the confession of so strange and wonderful an attachment, prevented her from saying a word against the sentence of her father.—From that moment a deep melancholy took possession of her, and she pined away insensibly.

In the mean while the time arrived which Omartis had fixed in his own mind for the nuptials of the princess. It was a very general custom throughout the east, that, when a prince or powerful nobleman was bent upon the marriage of his daughter, he gave a sumptuous feast, and invited to it all those who were her suitors, or such of the great men of his court as he thought worthy of her, and that, when all the guests were assembled, the virgin bestowed a goblet of wine on him of all the company whom she preferred, and who was immediately declared her husband.—When Odatis was informed of her father's determination, though she had long expected it, her heart sank within her, and despair took possession of her mind. In vain did she allege all the motives that her own imagination could suggest to dissuade the king from his purpose; her disinclination to marriage, her contentedness in her present state, her youth, her affection for her father, all were alledged in vain. Omartis attributed her apparent diffidence to virgin coyness or modesty, and he proceeded to appoint the day of her nuptials. At this critical time the good genius that had hitherto presided over their mutual love, still befriended Odatis and Zariadres, and suggested to her to send to the prince of Media's camp, which still remained on the borders of the neighbouring river, information of the ensuing marriage. From that time her anxiety increased; but hours and days rolled on, and nothing was seen or heard of her lover. What could she imagine but that he had desisted from all further pursuit of an object in which he had once experienced a repulse?

The day at last arrived on which Omartis had determined that his daughter should declare her choice of a husband. All the nobles were therefore assembled at the royal court, and a magnificent banquet set forth, at which the king declared his purpose to the whole company. The bowl had now gone freely round, and all hearts beat with transport or with solicitude at the prospect of the approaching decision,

according as vanity or confidence more or less prevailed in their minds.

At length the princess was summoned into the hall, where she received, with modest submission, her father's commands. "Take this goblet of wine, my daughter (said Omartis), cast your eyes around in this noble company, and present the draught to him whom you select for your husband." The trembling Odatis took the cup. She anxiously cast her eyes around her, but Zaraidres was not in the hall. She could not disobey the royal and paternal injunction, but delayed the fatal choice as long as modesty and duty would permit.

At length, pale and sorrowful, she was just about to bestow the goblet upon the worthiest of the princes, when suddenly there entered a stranger in haste, whose noble and beautiful aspect struck all the beholders with admiration and wonder. Odatis uttered a shriek of joy, and the presented goblet was seized with transport by the unknown youth; and while the king and his train remained motionless with astonishment, the princess was borne away in triumph by her successful lover, mounted on the fleetest of his horses, and in a few hours found herself in the arms and on the throne of Zariadres.

For ages after the barbarians of Asia commemorated with enthusiasm the fortunate loves of Zariadres and Odatis; they painted them in their palaces and temples; they sung them at their feasts and games; and the name of Odatis was universally given to the daughters of their princes and satraps.

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## *Account of a Visit paid to Pompeii, since the late Researches ordered by the Queen of Naples.*

IN a search begun about seven years ago was discovered the capital of a pilaster, which was suspected to be the lateral front of a grand portico. Last winter the works were resumed at that place, and the corresponding pilaster was found. The brass hinges of the door have been removed to the museum of Portici. The habitation into which it leads is large and commodious, and richly ornamented with paintings and mosaic-work. The building is formed of square stones, so nicely fitted and cemented, that the whole would be taken for a single mass. —The passage which serves for the entrance is twelve palms long and ten wide. It leads to a court, the walls of which are covered with stucco of various colours.

The capitals and cornices are in good preservation; and I there observed a rose, which is a master-piece both of design and execution. All the apartments are decorated with beautiful paintings on a red, blue, and yellow ground. You there see likewise

likewise detached columns, with flowers, candelabras, and ornaments, in the best style. To the left are two apartments, which were probably those of the master and mistress. The painter gave a free scope to his imagination in all the pictures, which I beheld with inexpressible delight. Nothing could be more pleasing, among others, than a dance of persons in masks; and nothing more graceful than a little bird pecking at a basket of figs. In the centre of the court is a cistern, the *impluvium* of the Romans. On a marble pedestal is a young Hercules, seated on a hind of bronze. These two pieces, one of which weighs about twenty pounds, and the other forty, are of the most finished workmanship. The water fell from the mouth of the hind into a beautiful couch of Grecian marble. Behind the pedestal was a table, the yellow feet of which represent the claws of an eagle.

These perfect works have likewise been conveyed to the museum. A lateral corridor on the right leads to a second court, which was surrounded by piazzas, as is proved by the octagonal columns covered with stucco. In one of the apartments are observed two Bacchantes holding *thyrsi*.

Above the window, to the right, is a painting of Europa, of great beauty: she is quite naked, and is seated on the bull, which is plunging into the sea. Beneath is a young man carrying a basket of fruits: he is raising himself on tiptoe: and this attitude required of the artist a strongly marked expression of the muscular system. On the opposite side a beautiful female dancer excites admiration: she is holding and striking two cymbals: her veil, which floats behind her, produces a very fine effect. On proceeding into the adjoining hall, the first thing that struck me was a magnificent pavement of the most precious African marbles. The ceiling represents Venus between Mars and Cupid. In this hall were found a small idol of bronze, a gold vase weighing three ounces, a gold coin, and twelve others of copper, with the effigy of Vespasian.

In the hall to the left, fragments of pictures, painted on wood, half carbonized, were distinguishable: they were inclosed in a kind of niches: this was the bed chamber; eight little columns by which it was supported may still be seen: they are of bronze, and to their summits still adhere some pieces of gilded wood, which probably formed a canopy. On the lateral wall were painted two priests with long beards, and clothed in robes of blue and green: they have been removed to the museum. The kitchen contained a great quantity of utensils, mostly of iron, inlaid with silver, with inconceivable perfection. But what most struck me were five candelabras painted in fresco, on a ground of an extremely brilliant yellow; I scarcely knew how to leave the room which contained this masterpiece of taste and elegance: they are supported by small figures, whose attitude, dress, and drapery, are so exquisitely graceful,

graceful, that they might serve as models to all the belles in the world. In this house, as in most others of the ancients, you find no window opening towards the street. I was struck with the fragments of a chariot which is still remaining in the coach-house: you may perfectly distinguish the wheels and the brass ornaments of the chariot itself.

Close to this habitation is seen a door that conducts to another, and which, to judge by its exterior, will not furnish fewer beauties whenever it shall be permitted to be opened.

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## ANECDOTES *of* DR. PALEY.

### Written by one of his Pupils.

IT is a common saying, that example goes much farther than precept, and you might imagine, that the example of such a tutor as we had, whom we all loved, and who on many accounts was deserving of the respect in which he was held, would have a powerful influence upon us. Negligence in dress might be expected to become the characteristic of a Christian, and our heads would be frizzed out, in imitation of Paley's scratch. The contrary, however, took place; and it seemed, that as much pains as were employed by our tutor to furnish the inside, our frizeur should take to adorn the outside of our pates. Whatever may be said of the degeneracy of the present race, in one respect, the younkers now at college are far superior to us, who had their rooms before them. They do not look so much like monkies; their countenance bears with it a manly semblance; they are not, as we were, tortured by a hair-dresser, nor do they give an opportunity to a professor of divinity to make a long harangue on the crowd of barbitonsares, besieging the college gates. This really took place about the time that Paley left college. The present Bishop Watson was famous for his thundering orations; and the way to the senate-house, from his house, lay by Emanuel and our college gates. Here, I have no doubt, he was beset frequently by our hair dressers: the lion growled, and we had in consequence a most violent declamation against the mob *barbitonsorum, portas collegiorum obsidentium.* The good bishop forgot the pains bestowed on his own wig by these gentry, and that it was just as preposterous to entrench himself in such a quantity of horse hair, as it was for us to fill our heads with powder and pomatum.

Paley's scratch did not command respect out of college; and his garb was not always so smart as that of his pupils. He was remarkable for his love of fishing; and the first question he asked, on the preferment given to him by the bishop of Durham, was whether it was near a trout stream. You may imagine his

joy, at hearing that there was one, at the bottom of his garden. Paley was one day intent on his sport, on the banks of the Cam; meditating perhaps that important question, the happiness of an oyster; or drawing a parallel between a weak and foolish king, termed by his subjects the best of kings, and the worst pigeon in a dove house; or determining the best possible way of making a subscription to the thirty-nine articles, without believing one word of them; when, all at once, he was roused from his reverie, and taken from unprofitable fishing to a more active employment of his faculties.

"Hallo! master!" says the voice, "how deep is this brook? where can I get over it?" Paley left his rod on the bank of the river, came to the brook where, on the other side, he saw a butcher's boy, with a tray of meat before him, on horseback, who was afraid to cross the brook, lest on mounting the bank on the other side, he might lose his meat. "'Tis too deep," says Paley, "for you to come over here, but by going a few rods higher, you may leap your horse over, though I should then be afraid for your way." "Dang it, master," says the boy, "don't like to go all the way back; I wish you would hook the tray over for me, and I will go and leap over where you say. Come, it is not so very deep, and you have been over your breeches already. Here," pulling a penny out of his pocket, "here," says he, "is a penny, you shall have for your pains." "Thank you," replied Paley, "thank you." Down slid he instantly into the brook, the water did not come quite up to his breast; the boy gave him the tray, galloped away to a better spot, and got back almost at the time that Paley had set his load on the bank, and was climbing up it to return to his fishing. The boy rewarded his porter, gave him the penny, which Paley pocketed, and returned in triumph to his college, to recount the success of that day's labour.

Paley's fondness for fishing may be accounted for, from the natural indolence of his character, which may be seen in his writings by those who are not content with a superficial examination of them. This indolence distinguished him, when he was an under-graduate; and Newton and Locke were not unfrequently, in the middle of the day, the companions of his pillow. On one of those days when he was meditating on his exercise in the schools, the porter summoned him to the master's lodge about noon; up got Paley in haste, dressed himself as fast as he could, and hurried to the lodge, wondering, all the way he went, what could occasion the summons. "What are the questions, Sir," says the master, "that you have sent to the moderator? I understand that you assert, that a future state cannot be proved by the light of nature." "Master," replied Paley; "I don't assert any thing upon the subject; I have only put it up as a question, and I thought it was no consequence which side I took;

took; but I am sure, Sir, if you don't like it, I shall be ready to alter it." "Alter it, to be sure," said the master, in a menacing tone, "alter it immediately." Away went Paley, after most obsequious reverence paid, away he went to the moderator, put his question in the negative, and two or three hours, made his thesis serve for the alteration.

This trait marks the future man. No one saw deeper into any question than Paley; he was formed to meditate for hours together on the actions of a Paul; but the conduct of a Paul, it was out of his power to imitate. We are not to be very much surprised at this, in bookish and contemplative men. We are not to expect the energy of a Nelson, whom, by the way, I cannot speak of, without recollecting some pleasant hours spent with him at our college; we are not to expect the energy of a Nelson, in a man who was accustomed to fish on the banks of the sluggish Cam, and whose labours were very slight in a study; who delighted in a good dinner, and whose *summum bonum* was a rubber of whist in the conversation room. We might just as well expect Lord Nelson to have confined himself to books, as Paley to bestir himself like that illustrious hero. Each man has a different part in life allotted to him; and the being is, what he is, a variable sort of animal, with some predominant character, which suffers very little change from the cradle to the grave. There are some who can blend the meditations of the study with the business of active life; but Paley was not in that number.

From his indolence of character, and fondness for ease, we may account for the inconsistency with which he has been charged in his religious and political conduct. Paley, the *protége* of the bishop of Carlisle, and the friend of John Jebb, might naturally be expected to have been a Socinian in religion, and a whig in his politics. What his real sentiments were in both respects, is little doubted by those, who had an opportunity of knowing him thoroughly. The Laws indeed were the best acquainted with his inmost sentiments, and they know best, whether the saying of their father is true, with respect to the present lord chief justice of the king's bench. "Here," says he, in his usual good humoured way, "I have been trying all I can to make him a whig, and in comes Paley, and spoils all; he positively will make him a tory." On his religious sentiments, there is a saying indeed of Paley's, too often repeated in the universities, and which coincides but too intimately with his famous chapter on subscription; "I cannot afford to keep a conscience." Yet, though Paley might not have the energy to follow Jebb, in religious zeal and ardour, nor to speak out so plainly as Bishop Law on certain topics, which excited much horror in the class, then prevalent, under the name of the orthodox clergy, but which is now sinking into oblivion; yet, Paley was the far-

thest in the world from a preferment hunter; he would not give himself the trouble to *root* after it. The indolence of his character preserved him in some measure from that disgraceful mode of gaining preferment; and, besides, he was above it, from a sensation of its unworthiness. He was, indeed, the author of the term *rooting*, an expression, after his time, much used in the university of Cambridge; denoting that baseness and servility of character which, like swine rooting in a dunghill, will perform the basest acts for a rich patron, to gain his protection and a good benefice.

Paley was a likely man to have preached a sermon on the text attributed to him, when Pitt, after his elevation to power, made his first appearance in the church of St. Mary, where the university hears its Sunday sermons. The *rooting* indeed about that young man, he would have held in the utmost contempt, and would have made it the subject of incessant ridicule; and the topic was an excellent one to exercise the talents of a good preacher—"Lo! here is a young lad amongst us with a basket of bread and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" Paley would have made assuredly a good sermon on this subject, saying, however, only, that which every one might laugh at, over a bottle with Pitt and the heads. But Paley had left the university before this young man was candidate for a seat in parliament, before the time when he was kicked almost out of it, for disturbing its peace; when the old grave dons enquired of each other, "Who is this impudent young man, who presumes thus to knock at our doors, and to intrude himself into a post he is so little qualified to fill?"—Little did they think at that moment that six short months only would elapse, when this young man, on his return with the titles of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, would find them running before his wishes, courting his smiles, breaking their promises, and anxious to prove their solicitude for the powers that be.

I shall never forget one instance of servility. Pitt himself was ashamed of it. How it happened, that I should be at the university church that day, I do not know, but so it was. Probably some election had brought numbers of us to the place. In this church the members of the university have their respective seats allotted them. The doctors sit in a gallery opposite to the pulpit, which is in the centre of the church; the undergraduates in two galleries, one on each side of the church, and under the pulpit is the places of the masters of arts, and it is called the pit. To this place Mr. Pitt came; it was his proper place; and sat himself down near to me. Scarcely was he seated, when the vice-chancellor espied him; there was a bustle with him and the heads on his left hand: for a moment or two they were in deep consultation, and then after a signal from the

vice, the beadle approached to him, and received his charge. Down came he into the pit, and there communicated to Mr. Pitt the summons of the vice-chancellor, to take his seat in the throne, vulgarly called Golgotha. Pitt received the summons with evident embarrassment; he would have blushed, if he could. He quitted us, and the doctors were eager to set him before them. Poor human nature!

Paley could not have done this: he would have left Pitt in his proper place. He would have voted most assuredly for him, because he was one of those men, that would always be for the powers that be: but he would not have displayed any marks of sneaking in his vote.

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## *On* POPULAR CREDULITY.

*To the* EDITOR,

SIR,

A Residence of some continuance, in an obscure part of the country, has afforded me numerous instances of that superstitious credulity which still makes a stand amongst the secluded and illiterate. The man who forms his judgment of the present state of society from the inhabitants of an opulent city, can scarcely suppose there to exist persons willing to renew, if they had the power, that persecution of wretched old women, presumed witches, in which two centuries back the bigotted James cut so conspicuous a figure. Such, however, is the case; and it is well that the refined spirit of the more busy classes of life renders these enthusiasts objects of derision, rather than alarm, to their aged neighbours.

But many of our provincial fellow-islanders, though they may not deem every old woman with a hooked nose a witch, are still subject to fancies as groundless and absurd as the mysteries of witchcraft. If a traveller happen to be mounted on a pie-bald horse, it is odds but he is stopped, and requested, with tremulous eagerness, to mention what is a fit medicine for the hooping-cough. In vain he informs the enquirer of her mistake; assures her that he is not an apothecary; she persists in her interrogation, and at length reminds him that the prescription of a person on a pie-bald steed possesses a sacred charm, mysterious in its operation, but unavoidably beneficial in its effects!

I observed, as I rambled some time back through a sequestered part of the neighbourhood, an elderly female regarding, with wistful looks, a couple of donkeys, which were quietly browsing on the heath. By the anxious manner of the woman I imagined

gined something more than ordinary was going forward. She did not allow me time for any variety of conjectures, but approaching with many apologies, presented a pair of scissars, and begged I would cut a small portion of hair from the back of the animal, and bestow it on her. I did as she requested; and then desired to be informed why she had chosen my hand for the operation in preference to her own. She replied that her son was extremely ill, from a wound he had received on his arm; that an application of hair, *stolen* from the back of an ass, was an infallible remedy for the most obstinate wounds; that as the animals were her sole property, *she* could not be said to steal in depriving them of a part of their clothing, and that therefore she had prevailed on me thus innocently to violate the eighth commandment, for which, as the intention was charitable, she humbly hoped I should find due forgiveness!

Numerous cases of similar absurdities might be adduced. These may suffice as a key to that part of history which displays the rapid progress of every fresh opinion in religion, in which mysteries and wonders are detailed with a liberal hand. We need not feel surprised at the success of the itinerant enthusiast, when we perceive that the bulk of mankind admits most readily the propriety of those tenets which are the most incomprehensible.

Nor are the minor prejudices of superstition confined to the illiterate and unthinking. Tycho Brahe, the celebrated astronomer, was the slave of judicial astrology. If this great man beheld a hare cross his path in the commencement of a journey, he instantly returned; this being it seems an unpropitious omen! To old women he had the antipathy usual to the superstitious; if an aged female were the first object to encounter his eyes in the morning he shut himself up for the day, harrassed with a thousand apprehensions.

Dr. Johnson, it appears, so far indulged a superstitious reverence of mystery, that he deemed it most desirably lucky to commence walking with the right leg, and to finish his perambulation by a step from the same limb.

This lamentable error of judgment, in men of unquestionable strength of intellect, may in some shape apologise for the delusions of the uninformed, while it tinges wtth a blush the pride of human reason. No doubt the wiles of priestcraft* have in past ages materially tended to mislead the faculties of the subordinate classes of society; but the dread of omens seems the legitimate offspring of frequent misfortune. De-



* It was maintained by the early Romish church, that the spirits of the dead frequented the consecrated spots in which the bodies were interred. Hence, probably, that traditional belief in apparitions, peculiar to the European vulgar.

pressed by calamity, the anxious mind views the operations of fate in every trivial incident of life. The victims of disappointment, therefore, cannot be too carefully on their guard against this insiduous and flattering assailant. Such a species of superstition not only deprives the mind of its native vigour, but robs it, at length, of that sober and confident dependance which may be placed on the interposition of a superior power.

The necessity of admonition on this head is the more urgent, since superstition, like the adder, glides in silence and in ambush, and inflicts a wound destructive of the whole system.

I am Sir,

Your's, &c.

R. T.

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## FASHIONS *for* FEBRUARY.

THE Circassian turban, is the *haut ton* at this moment. Nothing can be more beautiful and becoming; it is composed of white and *cerise*, richly ornamented with silver, and has an oriental plume in front. The shawl turbans have made their appearance, but are too heavy and unbecoming to succeed those of white satin. Muslin, imperial, &c. &c. &c. are far superior, many of which are ornamented with steel, patent pearls, silver or gold.

The Trafalgar dress hat, which in some degree resembles a cap, is so new and uncommon, that it is likely to have a long reign. Dress hats, of every kind, are much worn in every colour, but most elegant in white, morone, or *cerise*, with one or more ostrich feathers. Tiaras are still much the fashion, and bandeaus of all kinds. Beads mixed with hair are considered quite *mauvais ton*. White and coloured satin caps, mixed with lace, for undress, are newer than those of muslin and lace. Velvet caps, richly ornamented with gold and silver, for dress; the same in undress, without the ornaments.

Crape and satin dresses, richly embossed in white, or coloured velvets, are most elegant for full dress; also imperials, lenos, and every kind of thin muslin.

Morning dresses, of every description, are still the same; high in the neck, with collars, and long sleeves. No trains but trimmed round the bottom; shawls, and other coloured dresses, are only proper for elderly ladies.

Black and coloured velvet pelisses are yet general, and trimmed either with fur or lace; spencers seem going entirely out of fashion.

Chin-chelly muffs and tippets are most prevalent for undress; and swansdown for full dress.

Velvet

Velvet hats and bonnets, in black and coloured, are most prevailing for mourning. We hardly consider the fur hat worth mentioning, though it certainly is a little worn. The choice of colours seems more the effect of fancy, than fashion.

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## MEMOIRS *of the late* LORD NELSON.

*(Continued from Page 89.)*

WHEN the important news arrived of the battle of Trafalgar, and the death of Lord Nelson, it was the general sentiment that even so decisive a victory was scarcely a compensation for the loss of such an illustrious hero. A mixture of joy and sorrow filled every breast. When the intelligence was transmitted to their majesties at Windsor, the queen called the princesses around her, and read the dispatch aloud, while the whole royal group dropped a tear to the memory of Nelson. His majesty in particular was deeply afflicted.—A proclamation was issued for a day of thanksgiving to be held on the 5th of December, for the signal and important victory obtained by his lordship; and his majesty was pleased to confer on his brother and heir the dignity of a viscount and earl. The official notice to that effect was made in the following terms:

*Whitehall, November 9.*

"His majesty has been pleased to grant to the Rev. William Nelson, D. D. now Lord Nelson, brother and heir to the late Lord Viscount Nelson, who, after a series of transcendant and heroic services, fell gloriously on the 21st of October last, in the moment of brilliant and decisive victory, the dignity of a viscount and earl of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by the names, styles, and titles, of Viscount Merton and Earl Nelson, of Trafalgar, and of Merton, in the county of Surry, the same to descend to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, and in default thereof to the heirs male successively of Susanna, wife of Thomas Bolton, Esq. and Catharine, wife of George Matcham, Esq. sisters of the late Lord Viscount Nelson."

The prince of Wales, after the first emotions of his sorrow for the loss of such a distinguished officer, whom he had long honoured with his confidence and esteem, directed a letter to be written to Mr. Angerstein, in which his royal highness expressed a confident hope, that from the ardent zeal which he and his patriotic coadjutors had manifested on all great national occasions, some public memorial would arise, under their auspices, on which the high achievements of Lord Nelson might be durably recorded to future ages. His royal highness concluded

cluded by requesting, that to any plan which should be thus proposed, and adopted, his name might be added, with the sum of five hundred guineas annexed to it.

From Mr. White's character of this great naval officer, we shall take the liberty to copy the following passages.

" Lord Nelson was one of those great and rare productions which justify the boldest flights of poetry when panegyrizing the highest virtue, valour, public spirit, and patriotism, of which man is capable. He was one of those who maintained the competition of modern times with the proudest days of Greece and Rome. Never did the annals of the world present a more exalted instance of personal valour, of superiority to every little passion, of devoted patriotism, than it has been the fortune of Britain to behold in Lord Nelson. With courage the most ardent he combined piety the most sublime, and to the greatest avarice of glory he joined unusual modesty.

" Never was man better qualified for the station he filled: he was indisputably the greatest admiral the world ever produced. Other commanders have afforded eminent proofs of skill, courage, and good conduct, but he possessed all the requisite qualities in a pre-eminent degree. Original in his ideas, he was never confined by the routine of practice, or the maxims of those who are fearful of deviating from the beaten path. Ever fertile in resources, his plans embraced almost every possible situation in which he could be placed; and he possessed the faculty of explaining his ideas with such clearness and precision to those who were to co-operate with him, that every one under his command knew what part he had to act without the delay of farther communication. Intelligent, as well as bold in his conceptions, he discerned that to be practicable which the coldness of regular maxims regarded as impossible, and scarcely found difficulty where others had placed invincible obstacles. As prompt in execution as he was rapid in decision, his actions immediately followed his counsels; and his antagonists knew not which most to apprehend, the wisdom of his plans, or the celerity with which they were executed. Like Alexander, his attacks seemed to anticipate the notice of his approach, and his enemies were surprized to find themselves conquered before they expected the commencement of the contest.

" Never was leader better acquainted with the art of infusing into his gallant followers the same heroic sentiments that animated his own bosom. A thorough seaman himself, nursed in the lap of hardship, he knew how to adapt his behaviour to those he commanded, and never did an officer possess their affections in a higher degree. To this love and veneration he was not only indebted for his early successes, but even for his life, as there was scarcely one of his crew who would not have sacrificed himself to save his commander.

"Nor must this veneration be entirely attributed to that unreserved participation which his lordship took, in all the dangers to which his followers were exposed. Humanity was a powerful principle of his soul. Never was there a commander who devoted such incessant and such minute attention to every thing that could contribute to the health, happiness, and comfort of his crews. To this attention must be ascribed the high state of health in his fleet,* and its constant readiness to sail at a moment's notice to any quarter where its services might be required.

"Such was Horatio Lord Nelson, to whom may justly be applied the impressive words employed on a similar occasion: 'As his life was honourable, so was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country, and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity.' He had run his career of glory, he had 'fought the good fight,' and now enjoys the crown of a brilliant immortality.

"Of the truth of a remark, which Lord Nelson has frequently been heard to make, 'that perseverance in any profession will most probably meet its reward, without the influence of any contingent interest,' he afforded in his own person a striking instance. The history of his life shews what diligence may accomplish and what indolence has often lost; it inspires the desponding mind with new energy, and furnishes the persevering with fresh hope. His bright example will for ages inflame the sons of Britain with a generous emulation of his virtues, and with the desire of treading in that path which he so gloriously pursued."

By his will, Lord Nelson appointed his brother and Mr. Hazlewood his executors. It was made under the impression, that he should have little to bestow, excepting the glory he had so nobly acquired. To Lady Viscountess Nelson he bequeathed 1000 pounds a year, in addition to her private fortune. His estate of Bronte, the revenue of which, since 1799, he has laid out in improvements, under the direction of Mr. Gibbs, banker at Palermo, he left subject to a small legacy to his brother, now Earl Nelson. In his will he likewise expressed a desire that his body should be interred by the side of his revered father, at Burnham Thorpe, unless his Majesty should be graciously pleased to direct otherwise.

His estate at Merton consisted of only 170 acres, but it was the intention of the hero, had his life been spared, to have created a noble place. The classical character of Merton Abbey, in British history, once the seat of our parliament, and the residence

* For Lord Nelson's excellent regulations for preserving the health of the seamen we refer our readers to page 910 of our last volume.

residence of our kings, had peculiar charms for his heart; and he formed the plan, and more than once indulged the idea of sitting down there with his family upon an extensive domain. The pension of 2000 pounds a year, voted by parliament to Lord Nelson and the heirs male of his body, fell with him, as he had no children. His lordship affords an additional instance to the many that might be adduced, of celebrated military characters who have died without issue.

In consequence of a message from his Majesty, parliament are about to settle 2000l. a year on his lordship's widow, and to build, at the expence of 200,000l. an elegant mansion, which is to be always attached to the title, and to be enjoyed by his male heirs, who are to be stiled Viscount Merton and Earl Nelson, of Trafalgar, and of Merton, in Surrey.

*(To be continued.)*

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*Reflections, written at Chatham, January 6, 1806, immediately after viewing the Musket Ball, with part of the Gold-Lace Epaulette adhering to it, which Killed Lord Nelson in the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.*

*By* John Evans, *A. M.*

THOU messenger of death! winged by an unerring decree, didst thou, alas! terminate the career of a man whose achievements in behalf of his country are known and celebrated throughout the four quarters of the globe! It was thine to end the life of that hero, whose bold and enterprising genius has for years past kept in awe the enemies of our native land! By his late unparalleled victory—invasion, with its attendant horrors, hath ceased for awhile, at least, to affright the inhabitants of our peaceful isle. Having been engaged in battles far more numerous than any of his contemporaries, where the shafts of death flew thick around him, and by which his frame was sadly mutilated—it was reserved for thee alone to close his days—full of honour and of glory! Thou fatal ball! faithfully executing thy commission—thou hast snatched him away from amidst the toils which he must have had to endure in his continued endeavours to serve his country! Diminutive in thy size, and insignificant in thine appearance—thou wast, in thine energy, awfully decisive! And attaching to thyself, even in the very act of accomplishing the work of death—a part of the exterior decorations of thy noble and far-famed victim, which still glitters on the eye of the inspector, with a kind of ghastly lustre—thou art, at once, indicative of his former rank and station, and a proof of that mortality from which the bravest and most valiant are not exempted!

## ARCHDEACONRY *of* CAMBRIDGE.

THE abbey of Ely was converted into the bishopric of the same name in the year 1109. Cambridgeshire was, on this occasion, separated from the diocese of Lincoln, of which it before constituted part, and allotted to the new see of Ely. A distinct archdeacon was also created, with the title of archdeacon of Cambridge, the sacrist of the church of Ely being still in possession of archidiaconal jurisdiction throughout the isle of Ely.

This distinction was observed during the time of Nicholas, the first archdeacon of Cambridge, but was broken through by his successor, William de Laventon; who, soon after his admission by the title of archdeacon of Cambridge, with consent, or at least by the connivance, of his uncle, Dr. Harvey, assumed both the title and power of archdeacon of Ely.

This produced a long and spirited controversy between several bishops and the archdeacons, and excited no small share of ill-will between the parties.

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## ECONOMICAL FIRE-PLACES.

THE French have been very active lately about the improvements which Count Rumford some time ago set on foot. On some improvements proposed by a M. Olivier, Guiton and Bertholet have made a report to the class of physical sciences of the national institute, and state them to produce the following advantages:

1st. To reduce the tunnels of the chimnies to dimensions so small that they cannot be liable to smoke.

2d. To burn, without producing any smell, all sorts of combustibles, and so completely that no visible smoke escapes from the top of the chimney.

3d. To retain, at pleasure, within the apartment, by well managed circulations, all the heat which the combustibles can disengage, or to direct part of it into the neighbouring apartments, or superior stories.

4th. To regulate in this manner the degree of heat which is required.

5th. To afford, by a particular kind of shell, placed immediately above the fire, the convenience of boiling liquors in porcelain dishes.

6th. Finally, to be susceptible of all kinds of decorations that may be desired, of which the first essays of M. Olivier afford already the proof and the example.

*Answer, by J. Rowden, of Heytesbury, Wilts, to T. Rutger's Charade, inserted December 23.*

BLANDFORD, in Dorset, will unfold,
The mystery that you try'd to hold.

*** A similar answer has been received from H. Lewarn, of Grampond.

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*Answer, by S. Moore, of Horswell House, to W. E.'s Charade, inserted Dec. 23.*

WHAT but a sense of guilt forgiv'n,
Can crown our peace at last!
PARDON must seal our bliss in Heav'n,
When time itself is past.

☞ We have received a similar answer from T. Trobridge, of Plymouth; H. Glasson, of Crowan; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; and Palemon, of Mevagissey.

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*A* REBUS, *by J. Whittle, of Upway.*

A Quadruped in great repute;
A common, but most useful fruit;
A Jewish doctor scrutinize;
A singing bird you will devise:
The initials find, and join the same,
A beast, ye gents. from them you'll name.

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CHARADE, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

WHEN Sol, the ruler of the day,
Has sunk beneath the western sea
To light the antipode;
With milder reign my first appears,
And like a goddess 'mongst the spheres,
Succeeds the radiant god.

When morn has ting'd the orient sky,
My next assists the curious eye
To view the lovely scene;
At night my whole, when silence reigns,
Is useful while we trip the plains,
Or scamper o'er the green.

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CHARADE, *by a Young Gentleman fond of a Country Retreat.*

MY first seeks protection and aid
From the monarch and king of the wood,
And redundantly lives in the shade
Of my second—if right understood.

This second has properties various,
Tho' strange, be assured it is true,
That rivers, with courses precarious,
Run under it, and over it too.

My whole is a pleasant retreat,
Oft sought by the young and the gay,
Where welcome you're certain to meet
Whilst you've gold in your pocket to pay.

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

*Lines on the Death of Admiral Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronte; Apostrophe on the Preservation of the Life of the Author's Son*, October 21, 1805; and a short Eulogium on Lord Collingwood.*

O! Sage Melpomene! begin the song,
To mournful themes the mournful muses throng.
Declare how much Britannia's sons deplore
That Nelson, gallant Nelson! is no more.
That he, who 'mongst his foes such terrors spread,
Is number'd now among the silent dead.
A marksman shot him, but the marksman's shot
Was soon return'd, and kill'd him on the spot.
A poor exchange!—but it was Heav'n's decree,
And we, O God! should all submission be.

St. Vincent's Cape first knew his hard-earn'd fame,
Where our brave hero gain'd a deathless name;
Who by bold boarding dealt pale death around,
And all his efforts were with glory crown'd.
On Egypt's Nile he fought proud Gallia's fleet,
Which, tho' superior far, he smil'd to meet;
He saw, he vanquish'd the invet'rate foe,
And fill the conquer'd fleet with rage and woe.

To Copenhagen next our hero flew,
His bold, his great achievements to renew.
The battle rag'd with horror; but its end
Prov'd that good-fortune still was Nelson's friend.
He beat the Danes; the Danes his prowess prais'd,
And Nelson was to greater honours rais'd;
Nay foreign titles grac'd his honour'd name,
And distant realms resound with Bronte's fame.

He next pursu'd the foe thro' trackless seas,
Tho' worn with labour, and bereft of ease;
Yet still resolv'd t'avenge his country's wrongs,
He pants for glory, and for battle longs.
At length the fleets combin'd of France and Spain
Gave him a chance fresh laurels to obtain.
He gain'd those laurels—but the dreadful strife
Took him from earth t'enjoy a heav'nly life.
Thus fell the glorious hero of the Nile
Who now, with cherubs, wears a cherub's smile.

And here may I a father's joy express?
(It can't be greater—may it ne'er be less!)
That oft the Almighty hath preserv'd his son,
Who thro' fierce battles hath dread dangers run;
Who past thro' perils on Domingo's shore,
And since hast past thro' various perils more;
Escap'd unhurt the conflict with the Danes,
And from Trafalgar's Cape still safe remains.

Blest

* Then first-lieutenant of the Revenge—since promoted.

Blest be kind providence he still survives!
And prais'd the great Preserver of our Lives!
The candid reader will, I hope, excuse
This short digression of the tragic muse.

But now, Euterpe! touch the dulcet string,
And let the welkin with loud pæans ring!
For England's glory thro' the world is spread,
Her foes by thousands taken, drown'd, and dead.
Then let invasion hide her haggard face,
Nor threat again with ruin and disgrace.
Our foes are crush'd—what Nelson left undone
Was by brave Collingwood most nobly won.

May Heav'n still guard us long as time shall last,
And ev'ry year be happier than the past!

*Swimbridge, January* 1, 1806.

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For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

*The Author to his Brother, on the latter's resuming his Station off the Coast of Spain, after the Victory obtained over the Combined Fleets.*

AND must thou leave our arms once more,
And trust thee to th' insulting wave,
Which, breaking on Trafalgar's shore,
Howls round the warrior's oozy grave?

Then go; and may the hand divine
Protect thee o'er the pathless deep!
Go; and the dauntless soul be thine,
And honour that disdains to sleep.

When the thick tempest, from afar,
Impetuous lifts the whelming tide;
Or when the dreadful peal of war
Scatters its bolts from side to side.

The gen'rous, and the upright heart,
Cares little for the hissing ball;
No sentiment of fear can start
The stedfast purpose of his soul.

Life is a troublous state at best,
E'en like the waves that round thee beat;
And trust me, 'tis the virtuous breast
Alone, feels confidence compleat.

Brother, adieu! when borne remote
On the wide bosom of the sea;
Let prudence regulate each thought,
And Heav'n will crown thy destiny.

J. N. *Plymouth.*

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## CERTAIN CURE FOR LOVE.

THE one end of a rope fasten over a beam,
And make a slip-noose at the other extreme;
Then, just underneath, let a cricket be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get:
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And under one ear be well settled the knot;
The cricket kick'd down, let him just take a swing,
And leave all the rest of the work to the string.